any joy in producing is canceled by the wild joy of learning. It is a mad lust. Oh, to know. . . .

Easter Sunday

To know . . . to know what?

Still more philology; very little so far. Read some of Goethe's poems; the *Prometheus;* read *La Faustin;* some Banville; *Adolphe.*[1]

I foresee that in a short while I shall hurl myself again into a frantic mysticism,

Munich (*second day*), *12 May*

Learn logic; classify my thoughts. . . . There is an inextricable tangle in my head. Every new thought, as it changes position, stirs up all the others. Nothing is clearly delineated, and this absence of contours, which perhaps makes relationships more noticeable, also makes for a general confusion in which each concept clings somewhat to all the others.

If I do not write any longer in this diary, if I shudder at the thought of letters to write, this is because I have no more personal emotions. In fact, I have no more emotions except those I want to have, or those of other people. On my good days, and they are becoming frequent again, I enjoy an intellectual and nervous exaltation that can be converted, as if at will, into joy or sorrow, without either one being more pleasant than the other. I am like a well-tuned harp, which sings, according to the poet's whim, a gay scherzo or a melancholy andante.

This mental and emotional mood seems to me excellent for writing. I am myself *ad libitum;* doesn't this amount to saying that I can take on the emotions of my characters? The important thing is being capable of emotions, but to experience only *one's ou>n* would be a sorry limitation.

In any event, egoism is hateful. I am less and less interested in myself and more and more in my work and my thoughts, I no longer won-

der every day and every hour if I am worthy of my God. But that is a great error; one must be capable of reflecting even the purest things.

Moreover, the judgments of others do not interest me any more than my own. But yes, they do, in so far as they are the statement of a relation between the object and the person who judges it, which permits me to know them both better. But it is enough for me if that other person asserts his judgment; when he tries to explain it, to prove that he is right, he becomes a bore; one can never prove anything. "Ju^S[6] [n]°k" Every judgment bears within it the testimony of our weakness. In my case., the judgments I have to make sometimes about things are as irresolute as

[1] *Prometheus is* by Goethe; *La Faustin* (1882), by Edmond de Goncourt; and *Adolphe* (1816), by Benjamin Constant